

The Briton Woman

By Laura E. McCully.

Lo, where she sits in chains,
Old Mother Slave, gray as the storied years,
Whom man's mad phantasy has crowned with flowers!

Still dwells dull sleep upon that carven brow,
Reared high for kindly thoughts and reason sure,
Dead are her eyes with ancient, unshed tears,
And all her face is furrowed up with pain
And dread, and unto tenderness her mouth
Melts not, but mutters warily as she sleeps.

See how the calloused wounds upon those hands
No strangers to the truck, the anvil's heat,
The pickaxe and the loom, see how they gaze
Upwards, amazed, upon her faded crown!
Puce was that robe purper, but now
Sollure is on it, and she sits ashamed.
Her household gods are stolen, round her feet
Crawl noxious things, and yet she will not rise,
But in her sleep puts forth her shackled hands,
Dreaming about the brood that at her knee
Were safe, and now were safe, save that enchained
She may not rise and follow down their paths.

Can this be she from whose historic womb
Sprang Viking after Viking, even till now?
Sullen, silent and shackled, hath she borne
Masters of men and makers of the world?
Yes, this is she, bound for men deem her weak
However strong her sons, and faint at heart
Tho they be bold, and dull of brain and soul.
For this cause lay they burdens on her back
And weigh her down with chains, lest she escape,
And load on her contumely and scorn
Naming all things contemptible as hers
And whatsoever she hath that they have not
Reckoning it as lest! Therefore behold
The patience of her world long, brooding scorn
Out of whose womb came poets, heroes, kings!

War hath been made upon her, pillaged, reft
In her deep dream she noted not the loss
Hhat ravaged her and called her mean and weak.
Yet now at length she stirs, and her great soul
Stronger for travail, feels the entering iron,
And vastly shudders, roused from age-long sleep,
Conscious at last of chains and wounds and crown!
See how she dumbly looks upon the world
As one new-born, and moves her mighty limbs,
And her breasts yearn for all her wasted broods!
Primitive, vast, unconquerable, lo
She rears her up, a Briton, bold at heart,
Defiant, dogged, prone to deeds not words.
No odds may daunt her: on her lips there breathes
The ancient battle-cry, and in her soul
Fiercely flames up the ancient British fire!

John McNeill a Human Dynamo Greatest Preaching Acquisition

Striking Characteristics of Cooke's Church Pastor Who Began Life as a Railwayman and Roused London With His Fiery Eloquence.

By H. E. Willmot.

Rugged, tender, earnest, humorous, masterful, kindly, dominant, sympathetic—such is the man, or part of him—that today occupies the pulpit of Cooke's Church Toronto. True, these qualities are only part of the man. Without the dynamic personality behind that gives them potency they would be meaningless.

Reverend John McNeill (he prefers it without the "Reverend") is the greatest acquisition to evangelical preaching in Canada since the beloved William Morley Punshon was stationed in Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto. The names here are coupled for historical and not comparative purposes. The men are entirely dissimilar. At the age of fifty-nine John McNeill cast off his moorings from the old land and turned his face towards new problems in Canada with what he calls "enthusiasm and genuine hopefulness."

It is a fond saying of Rev. Dr. Milligan of Old St. Andrew's Church that no man can really preach until he has passed thru at least twenty-five years of ministerial experience. "He must lay his antecedents broad and deep before he can expect any return." If that be true then John McNeill comes to Toronto in the maturity of his endowment. Pastor first, exangellist later, he has girdled the empire with the gospel message, and is now solving the great problem of the down-town church. No better choice could have been made, for in the summer of 1893 in company with the late Dwight L. Moody, John McNeill filled the vacant theatres of Chicago from pit to gallery for six weeks during the excitement and sensation of the World's Fair. The reason he explains in his sermon, "The Story of Capernaum,"—"It was noised that He (Jesus) was in the house."

John McNeill preaches because he cannot help it. With him to live is to preach. While his style is original he maintains the striking characteristics of a great many Scottish divines whose message is the word of life in positive, emphatic and inspiring language. McNeill does not deal out terror, denunciation and misery; his sermons are of joy and optimism. The preacher at Cooke's began his life amid lowly surroundings. He was born in Renfrewshire on July 7, 1854, and after receiving his education in the Free Church Schools entered the service of the Caledonian Railway. In 1877 he started to study for the ministry, was ordained in 1886 and commenced his first pastorate at Regent's Square Presbyterian Church, London, in 1889. Regent's Square, he is known, is one of the most fashionable and exclusive churches in London. McNeill is strongly endowed with prophetic emotionality and his fiery discourses struck right at conditions as he found them in the metropolis. His preaching did not altogether suit his congregation and it was not uncommon to see him on the streets entreating the people to come in and hear the gospel. In 1892 he accepted an invitation to join Moody, and together they went to Australia, New Zealand and practically completed a world's tour.

A large man physically, dark of complexion and shaggy in appearance, McNeill is a human dynamo. His



REV. JOHN McNEILL.

energy is exhaustless. Five sermons a week and two on Sunday is his measure. He works with untiring zeal. At the Pre-Assembly Congress of the Presbyterian Church in Toronto recently he seemed to be everywhere. He would meet his own congregation at Cooke's with a powerful discourse and at the conclusion of the service would tear off to Massey Hall and face four thousand people with a message that sent a thrill to every heart. The hot spell had no terrors for him. He would attend the noon-day meeting at Cooke's rewarding those who had gathered from the heat and turmoil of the day with a choice morsel of exhortation then hasten away, perspiration soaked but eager, to meet the elders of the church in solemn council at Knox.

John McNeill never uses notes; he is not ashamed to repeat a sermon and the repetition follows the original with minute precision and loses none of its refreshment in the interval. A fluent speaker, he has all the characteristic eloquence of the Celt. A splendid imagery with an inexhaustible fund of humor impart a charm and scintillation to his sermons. He is apt at illustration, keen and pungent in elucidation; all the while fervent with religious emotion. He is a discursive speaker and indulges in wide ramifications in developing his thought, but is sure to come back to his first theme and round out his argument with convincing finality. He loves his native Deric. Often he will tell an audience, "You have no word in English to express it like the Gaelic." They will be off into a rhapsody over the peculiar aptness of his own tongue to picture the very shade of thought that he wants to convey. "It was noised that He was in the house." "The Scotch for it would be 'soo'ing,' just so'ing," and those who knew the word understood just what was meant.

McNeill would have made a great actor; he is a great actor. With wonderful power and facility he visualizes his text, graphically describing the scene and leading the imagination of his hearers until the whole story is an animated picture before the mind. There is an absence of all formality in John McNeill's platform presence. As soon as he reaches his place the service begins. He is apt to announce a hymn and before it can be sung will

lead in a brief, fervent invocation that the divine presence might not be withheld. All the while he is working at concert pitch, and as soon as the meeting is over hastens away for rest and meditation. The social side has no attraction for him; he knows his work and understands its demands. Only in this way can he maintain the high record of efficiency for which he is famous.

John McNeill is a force in every community where he is found. He has vitalized every pulpit that he has filled. In Free St. George's Presbyterian Church, Liverpool—his last charge before coming to Canada—he quickened the moribund life of that parish until it became a flaming torch in the welfare of that great city.

As an evangelist his methods are natural and without artificial embellishment. He eschews the tricks and mechanical organization of the Torrey and Chapman school. He talks about lost souls in a manner that makes men believe that nobody gets far away from God. He is building a permanent, an everlasting structure, and the nation is counted rich that numbers him among her sons.

Of this world's goods he is not in want. His marriage to the daughter of a rich banker has made him independent of the emoluments of fashionable pulpits and his work is inspired with the true spirit of the crusader.

The Wide Brown Road.

Before my door a wide brown road I see,
And blithesomely it winds away from me;

I do not know what in its way may lie,
Or on what quest its travelers may be.

Sometimes I dream it crosses brooks that creep
Slowly to find the lake so still and deep;

I stand upon the bridge and see below
The eddying waters and the trout's swift leap.

I see fair homes behind the screening trees,
Which thrill like harps to every passing breeze,

With children playing by the kitchen door,
Which rises out from gold-starred, grassy seas.

The road winds on where stately hills arise,
Or past some pool which like a mirror lies.

Holding a picture of the arch above,
Or tossing billows when the north wind cries.

And at its end there lies a city fair—
I dream of shining towers and building there—

And there my road comes to a happy end;
But of its travelers, who shall know, or care?

—Ninette M. Lowater,
in New York Sun.

Theory and Fact.

"Do you think it right to rob Peter to pay Paul?"
"If I happen to be Paul, I do."
Houston Post.

The Difference.

"How quietly your husband dresses."
"You should hear him when he drops his collar stud."—Modern Life.

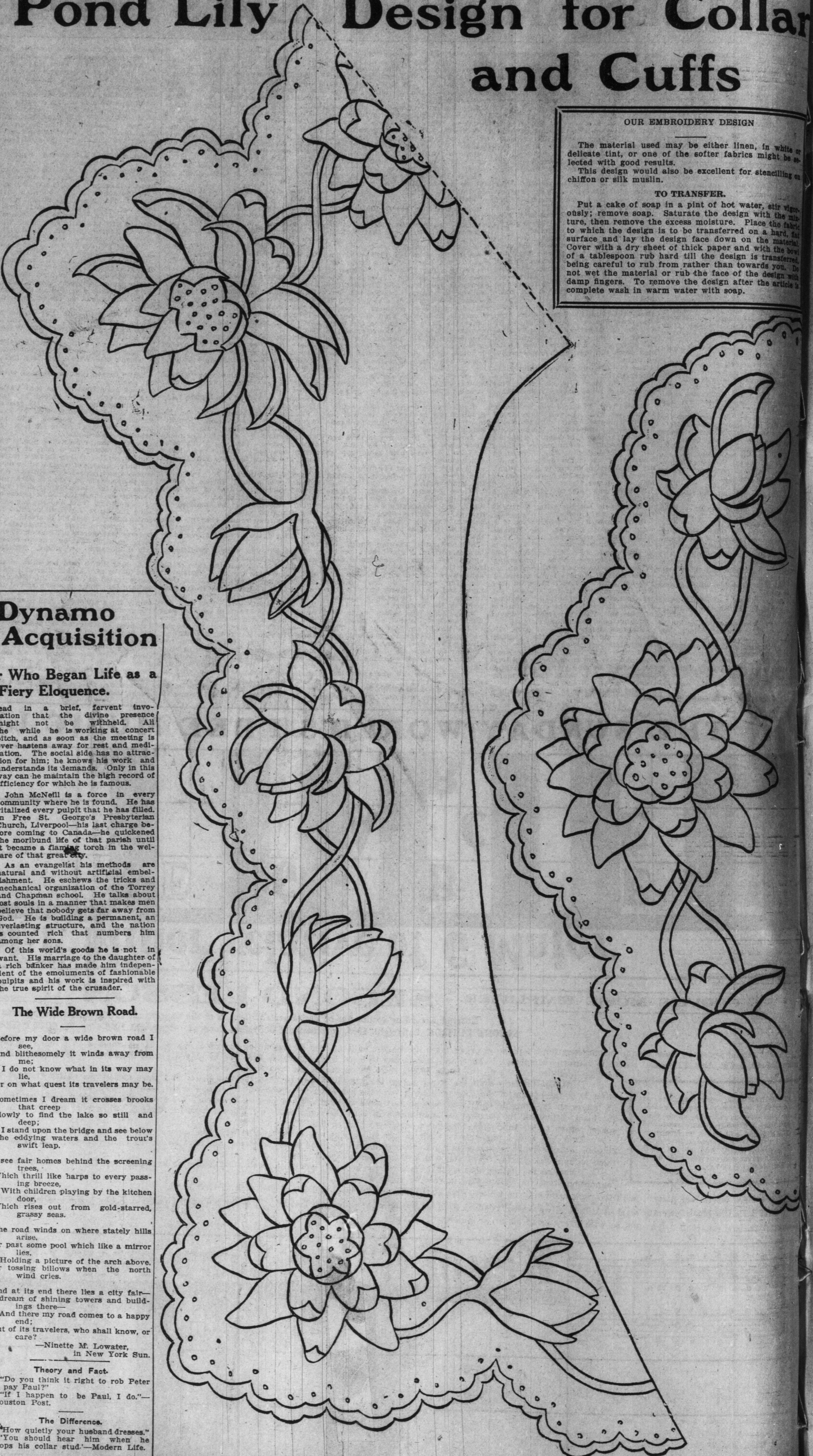
Pond Lily Design for Collar and Cuffs

OUR EMBROIDERY DESIGN

The material used may be either linen, in white or delicate tint, or one of the softer fabrics might be selected with good results. This design would also be excellent for stencilling on chiffon or silk muslin.

TO TRANSFER.

Put a cake of soap in a pint of hot water, stir vigorously; remove soap. Saturate the design with the mixture, then remove the excess moisture. Place the fabric to which the design is to be transferred on a hard, flat surface and lay the design face down on the material. Cover with a dry sheet of thick paper and with the back of a tablespoon rub hard till the design is transferred, being careful to rub from rather than towards you. Do not wet the material or rub the face of the design with damp fingers. To remove the design after the article is complete wash in warm water with soap.



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